

By C. M. Payne

About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

THE Hippodrome show, "Hip, Hip, Hooray!" will close on Saturday, June 3, after its 44th performance. Originally it was Charles Dillingham's plan to continue the big spectacle through the summer, but he changed his mind. It was found that the work of rehearsing next season's production could not be carried on unhampered while two performances of "Hip, Hip, Hooray!" were being given daily. During June and July R. H. Burnside will require the big playhouse in its entirety in preparing the new show. "Hip, Hip, Hooray!" will be put in shape to tour the large cities next season. It has broken all records for attendance at the Hippodrome.

AN ALL-NEGRO PLAY.

William Harris Jr. has arranged to produce a play in which all the characters are negroes. It is by Laurence Eyre. No name has been selected for it. The scenes are laid in New York and in the South. No attempt is made to make a burlesque out of the story. The play tells a tale of negroes in a dignified manner. The cast will include Edna Aug. Marion Abbott, Mrs. Stuart Robson, Edna May Oliver, Lottie Alter, Harry Blackmore and Walter Walker. They will all use burnt cork.

QUIGMILLER COULDN'T PAY.

"I am Christoph Quigmillier of Harlem. I have lived in New York twenty-two years and have never seen a picture show," said an elderly man with long whiskers at the box office of the Globe Theatre yesterday afternoon. "I don't believe films are any good as entertainment. However, I have seen Billie Burke on the stage and would like to see her on the screen. Here's a proposition. I'll go in and see the show. If it pleases me I'll come back here and pay you half a dollar. What do you say?"

"You're on," replied Henry Young, the theatre's treasurer.

He permitted Mr. Quigmillier to enter the theatre without a ticket. An hour and a half later the elderly man returned to the box office window. He was worried.

"I liked the show all right," he said, "but I fear I can't pay you."

"Why not?" asked Mr. Young.

Mr. Quigmillier began searching through his pockets. "I've lost the half-dollar your press agent, Mr. Heath, gave me to hand you," he said.

"ETA" IN AUGUST.

The plan to produce the Japanese comic opera, "The Romance of the Etsu," has been abandoned. The production will be made in August. This opera was written by Mrs. Mary Lee Wertheimer. George Blumenthal has been engaged as General Manager of the Eta Producing Company.

OUR OWN POPULAR SONGS.

The sun was shining brightly on a balmy summer day. Out in a busy street I saw some children at a little boy named Peanut Zwick decided he would buy a new hat. He saw a barber and he shared some famous song. And when he got home he said to his mother, "Sweet little Peanut, a little girl gave quite a tasty morsel. And then from little Peanut's lips these words came out."

Chorus:
"My daddy is a burglar,
He knows his business, too.
And never leaves a clue.
Don't know about his traps,
Or you will get me right.
My daddy is a burglar,
And I'm a burglar's child."

CAST FOR "MR. NAZARUS."

In the cast of "Mr. Nazarus," the comedy by Harriet Ford and Harvey O'Higgins, are Henry E. Dixey, Florine Arnold, William T. Clarke, Tom Powers, Eva Le Gallienne and Marie Astarac. The play will be first performed in New Haven June 8.

"S'MATTER, POP?"



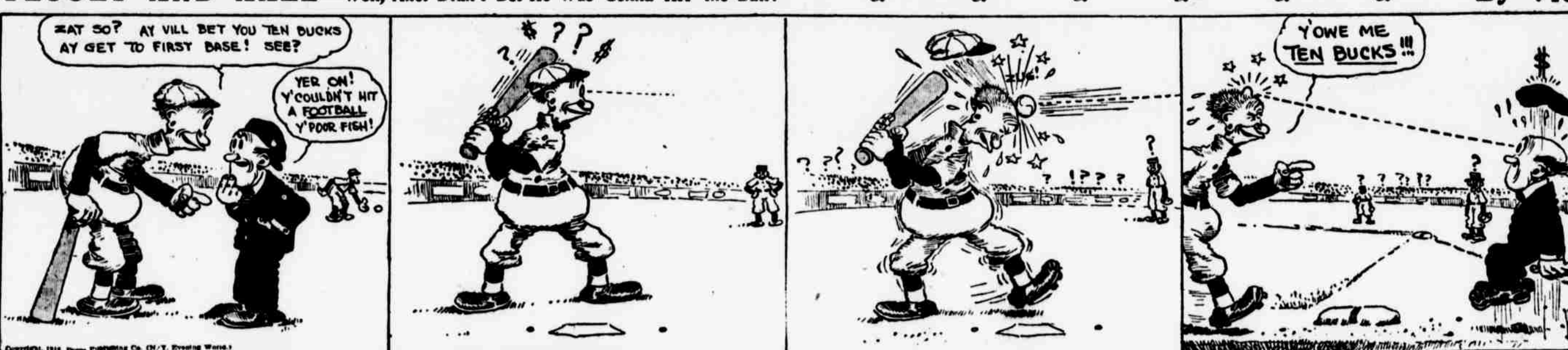
HENRY HASENPFEFFER—It Was a "Short" Lobster—Short on Claws.

By Bud Counihan



FLOOEY AND AXEL—Well, Axel Didn't Bet He Was Gonna HIT the Ball!

By Vic



GOSSIP.

Humsey and Boyle have been engaged for "The Passing Show of 1916."

Matt Hanley has replaced John Cope in Mrs. Pike's play, "Erstwhile Susan."

Savoy and Brennan, comedians, have been added to the cast of the new "Follies."

Broadway hears that the new International Circuit may take over Keith's Bronx Theatre.

Frank Moulton has returned from St. Louis, where he spent several months in musical stock.

A new breakfast food now being made by a concern in Kentucky is called "Irvin S. Cobb." Make your own comments.

Robert Stodart, President of the Playwrights' Club, has been asked to serve on the new Committee of Fifty of the Drama League.

Lily Langtry will appear in a playlet called "Ashes" at the benefit for crippled French soldiers arranged by Julia Marlowe for to-morrow afternoon at the Shubert.

On Saturday there will be a special evening of music and dancing at the Neighborhood Playhouse. Mme. Isadora Duncan, pupil of Dalcroze and Lech, will appear on the program.

Castles-by-the-Sea, at Long Beach, was formerly opened for the season last night. Pierre and Cantone are the managers. Many Broadwayites were in attendance. A Hawaiian band was a feature of the entertainment.

SO WILLIE WEPT.
Willie Marshall didn't get to go to the picture show yesterday afternoon, because he swallowed the dime his mother gave him for it. That's why he was howling—Lacaville (Col.) Light.

GOD SAVE THE KING!
Katharine Cripps, a chorus girl who has appeared in a number of musical shows, has gone to Missouri to marry a man who calls himself the Sausage King. She says she has retired from the stage and will stay at home and cook for her husband.

FOOLISHMENT.
"All that's bought goes to the buyer," said a man named Martin Meyer. But, as everybody knows, coal unto the cellar goes.

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.
"That dentist should be a good poker player."

"He draws and fills so well."

YOU!
Why are the begonias you plant always onions?

GOOD STORIES OF THE DAY

The Unwelcome Truth.

MISS BRADDON, the English novelist who has just died, said a publisher, "made \$500,000 out of her books, her publisher's share being \$1,500,000."

"Miss Braddon's great success, she once told me, was due to her avoidance in her books of truth. Truth, she said, is the one thing the average novel reader doesn't want. For truth, you see, is unpleasant."

"She illustrated her point by a wife who asked her husband:

"George, how do you like the new shade I've had my hair done?"

"Well, my dear, George began, 'to tell you the truth,'

"'Stop right there, George,' his wife interrupted. 'Stop right where you are. When you begin like that, I don't want to hear you.'—Washington Star.

No Faith in Lawyers.

"D O I believe in lawyers," said the little man bitterly. "No, sir, I do not."

"Why not?" asked his companion.

"Because a lawyer never says right out what he means," retorted the small man viciously. "He twists things about so. Suppose he wanted to tell you that two and two make four; he'd begin: 'If by that particular arithmetical rule known as addition we desire to arrive at the sum of two added by two, we should find—and I say this boldly, without fear

More Coming to Him.

THERE was no doubt about the fact that Jack MacFaddy was a Scotsman. Last year, when journeying to the country on an important errand, he left his purse, containing nearly \$500 in gold and silver,

at the railway station from which he started.

He telegraphed the fact on his arrival and the purse was kept until his return a month later.

It was a young clerk who handed Jackie MacF. his wee purse with the "spendies" as he set foot out of the train, and certain wild hopes were making the young man's heart beat a trifle unevenly.

But our canny Scot counted his money unheeding—and when he'd finished he looked up long and expectantly at the young man.

"Isn't it right, sir?" stammered the latter, in bewilderment.

"Right—Right! It's right enough, but where's the interest, mon?" was MacFaddy's stern retort.—Edinburgh Review.

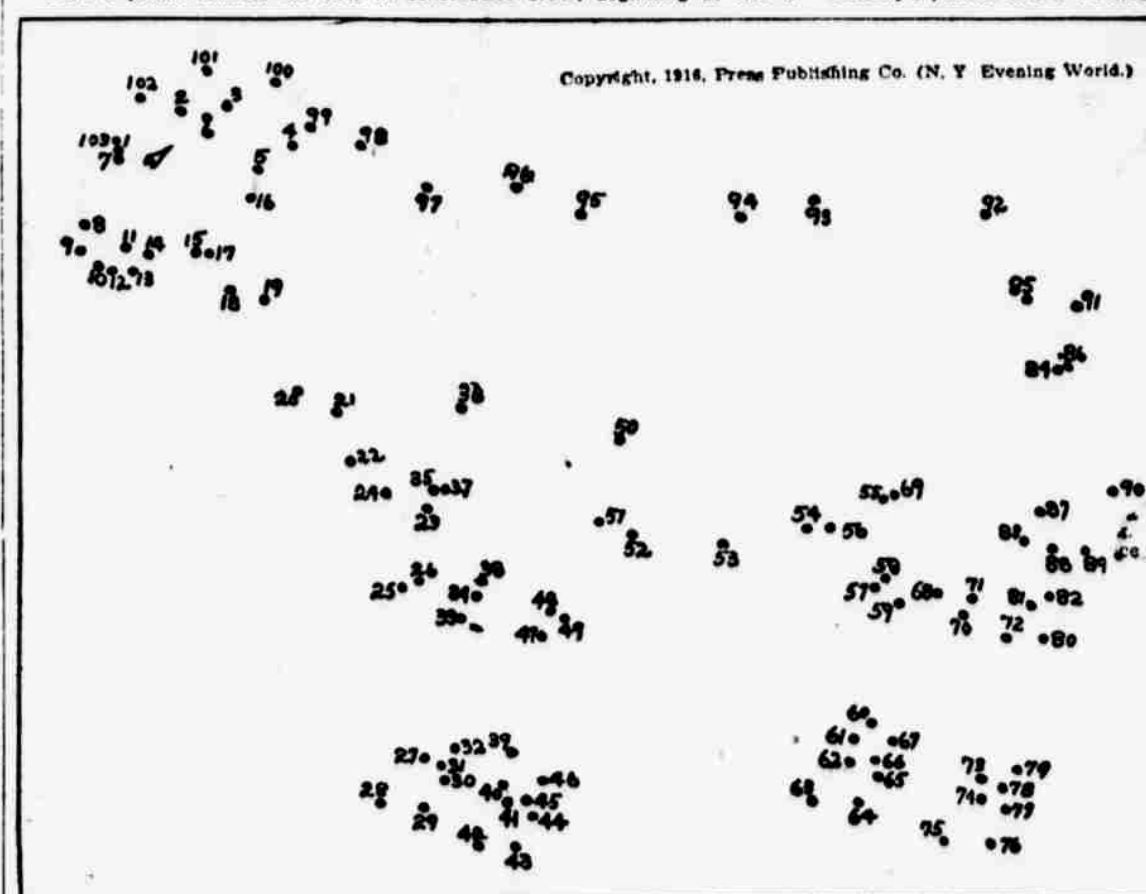
Hunting Trouble.

W HEN a man just naturally wants trouble it is mighty easy to find an excuse for making it, says the Louisville Times. According to Mike Hogan, Casey and

WHAT TOMMY SAW ON THE FARM

By Ferd G. Long

With a pencil connect the dots in consecutive order, beginning at No. 1. Tuesday's picture was a TURKEY.



SCRAMBLED EGG PUZZLES

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EGG NO. 35.

Before the letters in this egg were scrambled they spelled the name of something which says much yet never talks.

See if you can arrange the letters to spell what they originally did. The scrambled letters in Tuesday's egg spelled "SIGNATURE."



WHEN YOU WERE A BOY

By Jack Callahan

